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ENVELOPE SERIES

VOL. XV

JULY, 1912

No. 2

TODAY IN JAPAN

WITH A GLANCE AT
YESTERDAY

By ENOCH FRYE BELL

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AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS
FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS · BOSTON · *Mass.*

A QUARTERLY

Introductory Note.

Secretary Bell was for some years a missionary of the American Board in Japan. He is thus able to portray realistically and sympathetically the contrast between the old and the new "Christian Movement in Japan." Moreover he has had the benefit of Dr. George M. Rowland's extended and more recent observations in verifying facts and judging tendencies.

The first two sections of this article therefore, while not descriptions of actual events, are true reflections of what in substance has happened over and over again in the transition from Yesterday to Today.

The welfare of Japan is of utmost concern to the American people; its Christianizing will mean the solution of many serious problems. Mr. Bell's graphic portrayal of what has actually transpired and what greater things are now impending, will be welcomed as of timely interest and importance.

W. E. S.

TODAY IN JAPAN

WITH A GLANCE AT YESTERDAY.

BY ENOCH FRYE BELL
Associate Secretary of the American Board.

I.

Time: The early fifties, just before the dawn of Meiji, the Era of Enlightenment.

Place: A Japanese village on the plain by a beautiful bay, backed by hills of ravishing beauty; landscapes new to eyes accustomed to orchards, meadows and winter wheat. Instead are fallow rice fields covered with shallow water; low hills sprinkled with pine and edged with bamboo; a grassless and treeless village street, kept dustless by the family bucket; and the white castle of the feudal lord looming up in the distance, a house of gables seven times seven in number, with a lotus covered moat full of mud and slime.

Even in this beautiful spot of nature there is little that is attractive to us moderns. We wonder how the people can live here with any degree of comfort and cheer.

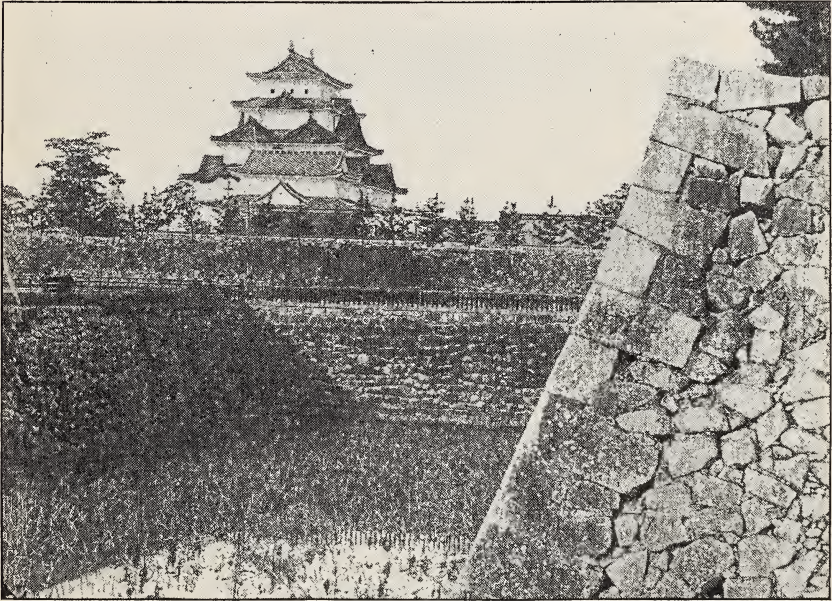
There is, for example, no post-office; no telegraph or telephone line,—the only poles visible being those with the firebells. Not even a jinrikisha is in sight, for it is in the days before such “pull-man-cars” existed. In the harbor you see a sampan and the old fashioned junk, but no steamer. Electric lights have not arrived either, the people living in candle light. There are no schools, except those of the *daimyo*'s retainers, within the walls of the castle. You have a feeling that the people themselves, though kind and good-natured, are the victims of a deadening system where the caste spirit prevails; in fact society is like the village temple, in sad need of repair, decayed and doomed to death unless propped and remodeled by something new. The spirit of the place is that of old Japan; stagnant, stereotyped feudalism.

But some life remains. Note that young *samurai* coming from the castle through the rice fields and along the bamboo groves, his two swords gleaming in the evening light, his old-fashioned topknot moving rythmically from side to side as he swaggers down the path. Some might think him too much like a Spanish brigand, the effect of his scowling eyes being increased by the swords at his belt; but to us he has his attractions.

He swaggers up the single street of the village, lined on either side with dingy shanties and with dingier thatched roofs, covered here and there with the big white radish; past the little shops opening out upon the street, displaying their straw sandals, straw hats and straw coats, to say nothing of vegetables, rice and fish; past the attractive vender of the toasted sweet potato, surrounded by

crowds of “two-headed” children, and by the house of the courtesan, from which come forth the sounds of laughter, song and ribaldry.

For a moment he pauses to disperse a crowd hectoring out the life of a young crow ; and hesitates, too, for a moment as he passes the loathsome body of a dead beggar



**A CASTLE OF OLD JAPAN
with protecting walls and moat**

rotting by the roadside, as if he would give the outlaw decent burial.

Stopping before the Buddhist temple, with its graceful roofs of gray tile, he steps through the *torii* into the temple enclosure, “so holy, so noisy and dirty,” with its “votive tablets, idols, spit-balls, smells, dust, dirt” and its

“nastiness and holiness.” Standing among stone lanterns he watches the worshippers,—who are but few in these stagnant days,—as they make their heave offerings of cash into the huge coffer before the altar, bowing the head and rubbing the hands for the god’s blessing upon them. His sympathy seems particularly to be drawn out toward that mother, with her two children, rubbing the dirty old wooden head and limbs of the ugly, one-eyed god of healing, “polished greasy and black by the attrition of thousands of palms,” and then applying the god’s virtue to the bodies of her children. Indeed he acts as if he would speak to the woman and warn her against this religious pest, for he has just come from the great city where the recently arrived “foreign priests” have taught him first aid to the injured.

From the pent-up closeness of the priests’ temple,—this “breeding ground of superstition, avarice and disease”—into the boundless freedom of God’s glorious creation, our young samurai seems glad to pass. Just beyond the last torii he comes to a most fear-inspiring object, and stands entranced before it. It is the proclamation board of his fief and contains the law of the entire country under the control of the *Shogun*. It is the same edict that has been posted at every river crossing, in every hamlet and village and in the public squares of every city; the terrible edict against Christianity. Up to the present the “*Kiristan* evil sect” has been prohibited, and the order must be strictly kept; the “abomination” is absolutely forbidden. Rewards are offered for information that will convict any Christian; and more, any

member of any family who will spy out a Christian in his own home and inform the authorities shall not lose his reward.

The *samurai* with the true *shirankao*, or unknowable face, betrays no emotion as he reads the edict and ponders thereupon. Possibly the same prevailing fear possesses him also. Certainly he remembers the past: how the government has feared the foreign religion as it feared the loss of national liberty; how it has been drilled into him at the castle that the follower of the Cross is but the agent of a foreign government in disguise, a forerunner of the mighty ships and large armies of would-be conquerers. For it has been generally understood that the founder of the *Jashu Mon*, or "evil sect," did not come to send peace on the earth but a sword. Therefore woe upon those who profess his name, and thus become the dupes of wily schemers to destroy the "national morals." There come forcibly to mind the terrible stories of the persecutions generations ago, when the Christians were annihilated and the foreign teachers driven away; stories of the awful sufferings of the Christians when they were wrapped in straw sacks and burned, torn limb from limb in unspeakable torment, and buried alive. His grandfather, indeed, was an eye-witness of that scene in Osaka, less than two generations ago, when Christians were found at that late date and crucified.

The special anti-Christian police commission has been one of the young man's traditions; for generations it has spied out the Christian, and either banished him or put him to death. No one can forget the work of that in-

quisition, when old and young were compelled by families and communities to trample upon the Cross, or upon some representation of the "Criminal God of the Christian." The young warrior knows the unequivocal position of the government, and like all Japanese quakes before the edict and its threat of penalty.

With stifled ejaculation our hero pushes on toward his goal, a small hut standing alone beyond the village close by the shore. A Japanese lantern before the door suggests the hospitality of the dwellers within, and he is not surprised at the ready response to his call from the little vestibule. Leaving his *geta* at the door, he steps onto the mats, slips aside the paper door, drops beside a cushion just inside, and makes his obeisance to the family. It is the home of poor fisher folk, yet full of kindness and cordiality.

From the sides of the room hang pots and kettles, and in the middle of the floor is the fireplace. The family sit on their knees and heels around the fire, while the smoke ascends to blacken the rafters above. There are some old faces here, smoke-dried and wrinkled; and others younger and buoyant. Good nature prevails, the matrons with shiny blackened teeth laughing as heartily over some cheap pun as the giggling girls; the men roar boisterously. Certainly no one seems conscious of any impending evil, in spite of what was done but a few hours ago.

The young visitor responds to the urging of the head of the family and finally takes the seat of honor before the *tokonoma* and the god-shelf.

"You have well come," says the father. "*Domo*, I

wish I were," replies the visitor, "but I am come to warn you of trouble." The faces grow serious. "You were seen last night when you opened that magic box of yours and passed its contents round. A spy from your own household has betrayed you. He has informed the *daimyo*, and the Commission will soon come to test you. I would that you could have the privileges of *harakiri*."

'Twas but a deed of natural curiosity, yet how costly! The magic box had been passed down from father to son for ten generations, bearing its certain curse if opened, and blessing if not. It is true that the family imagined that this was a relic of the days of their Christian ancestors, yet official vigilance against Christianity had weakened and popular fear had subsided; a fit of curiosity had swept all restraint away, the box had been opened — the crucifix stood revealed! In whispers they had passed it around in the light of the fire and then somehow it had disappeared. It was an evil day when the Cross appeared. The family know this now and laugh in their fear.

Officers are at the door. The image of the Cross is thrown upon the mats, and father, mother, sons and grandchildren trample upon it and point to their god-shelf, and swear allegiance to their earthly lord. Mental reservations there may be, but expediency rules. Why not? *Shikataganai!* There's no help for it!

Not so the young warrior. He is made of better stuff. He won't even pretend. A sense of loyalty to a lord, born and bred in him, now asserts itself for his Lord. Blood tells, and as a *samurai* he plans for the privileges

of *harakiri*. "Saa," says the official, "are you a Christian? Can a *samurai* be a traitor?" "I am a Christian," replies the youth, "and expect that I must die in obedience to my lord's order. Yet," and a new gleam comes to his eye, "the day is coming when my country will know and love Jesus. He will save Japan, for His spirit is the true 'spirit of Japan.'"

"What is your doctrine?" asks the Buddhist priest accompanying the official. The *samurai* can only repeat the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer. "This is a beautiful doctrine," remarks the priest, "but you can follow it as well without calling yourself a Christian and breaking the law."

"Some day," adds the young prophet, "Christianity and the law will be one. Some day the Emperor will permit us to follow this religion for its doctrines are good and it teaches nothing but what is right. Christians never quarrel or drink. They busy themselves with taking care of the sick, in study, or with labor in the fields which they make more productive than ever. They do not practice sorcery." Then turning to the officer the young man adds: "I have done no wrong to my country, for the one God who teaches men this religion is my first Father. I would live for Japan; but if I have violated the present law, let the offence be washed out by my blood. I only ask for the privilege of *harakiri*."

"Domo," says the official, "a noble youth!" But the priest replies with warmth: "If we allow our countrymen to become corrupted by this abominable religion, it is to be feared veneration of the Imperial line will disappear

and traitors will arise who would aim at the throne for themselves. I humbly pray the great official to give ear to the wise among Shintoists, Buddhists and Confucianists who would rigidly prohibit this religion for the sake of the country. * * * Do you know these foreign priests of the Jesus doctrine who have just come to the great city? Under the pretense of teaching astronomy, geography, medicine and the use of firearms, they desire in actual fact to spread abroad the abominable poison of the Jesus doctrine.

* * * And do you know who the person called Jesus was? He was a most traitorous animal. It is impossible that any of his supporters can be either filial or loyal Japanese. May the *daimyo* learn how traitors like this youth offend against the principles of loyalty and filial piety! Nor let us forget our Sovereign's wish that measures of repression against this evil sect be carried out most vigorously. It is better for one man to die than that the whole country be ruined."

At these words the official recovers his sternness, the young man is forbidden even the privileges of *harakiri*, and when refusing to trample upon the Cross, is dragged forth into the night.

II.

Time: The year of our Lord 1909. Meiji, the Era of Enlightenment, has had over forty full years of activity and Protestant Missions a half century.

Place: The same town, but now modernized. Much of

the old, to be sure : the same hills and rice fields ; the same beautiful bay ; the same kind of houses, streets and shops, though more of them ; the same sights, sounds and smells ; radishes and beans, rice and fish. The old castle stands on the plain, well cared for by the government, a historical relic of bygone days.

It is the new that we note, new light and new life. Electric lights have joined the candle ; railroads are here as well as the old-fashioned carrying-pole of the street peddler. The convenient jinrikisha has come to stay, and an automobile picks its way through the streets. Brick and stucco storehouses with their tiled tops are legion, showing growth in commerce and trade. Smokestacks here and there reveal the throbbing life of modern industry. Also out in the bay, beside the old fishing junks, we can see the little coast steamers. Foreigners there are on the streets and on the Bund ; soldiers, policemen, postmen ; and students, a multitude.

The schoolhouse is in evidence in all sections of the city, and from the hill back of the town we can hear the rhythmic songs of the children as they follow their teacher along the winding streets into the country for a day's study of nature. On the hillside, not far away, is the missionary Girls' College, and off to the left the American Kindergarten, and yonder the Training School for Japanese Bible women. In the distance, on a bluff overlooking the sea, is a hospital. Down in the business section is a publishing house ; and close by the Bank the Y. M. C. A. There are churches here and there, though lamentably few in number and not especially attractive in archi-



A "GOSPEL HALL" IN JAPAN.
 THE LARGE SIGN OVER ALL BEARS THE INVITATION, "KITARITE MIYO."

ecture ; yet placed strategically. The temples have multiplied, and are more alive than ever. In fact, everything is alive, and there is hustle and bustle everywhere, for it is New Japan!

But the chief scene is in the big theatre close by the post-office. We can tell it by that great sign: *KITARITE MIYO*, the "Come and See" of the Christian evangelist. On it and around are the banners and placards announcing a great rally for the study of Christianity, the prominent names being those of an educator, an editor and a Christian orator. *Kitarite Miyo!*—"Come and see" for yourself! The occasion is a *Shu Chu Dendo*, or "concentrated evangelistic" movement, planned and executed and its bills paid by Japanese Christians. It is to strengthen the financial condition of the churches and thus "perfect their independence," to win new converts; to spread the truth of Christ and to enlarge the Christian community; to deepen the spiritual life of the church membership and to fill the city and surrounding districts with the truth as it is in Jesus.

The prayers of the Kumiai or Congregational churches, as a body, and the efforts of ministers and lay workers have all been concentrated on this strategic city for the time being. Workers have been from far and near to assist the local leaders. Neighborhood meetings have been held, houses visited and banquets served. Personal work and Bible study classes have stirred the inert to greater loyalty and action.

To attract the attention of the masses in the city a Salvation Army-like campaign has been in process, called

the *Taikyo Dendo*, with processions through the streets, and other spectacular ways of arousing and stimulating curiosity. Factory men have been addressed at the noon hour; and government employees at the time most convenient for them. To help the spoken word has been called into play also the message of the printed page. The number of those who have heard has been limited only by the smallness of the churches and their comparatively few workers. Now the reaping has come and in this and similar great theatre gatherings, the people of the city are invited, and that too under government protection, to come and see and hear what Christianity is and can do. Wonder of wonders! Fifty years ago who would have thought this possible!

The crowds, gathered by these methods or drawn to the theatre by the sound of the brass band from the Orphanage and the use of the megaphone, push in and fill the squares in the great floor space before the stage underneath the flags and bunting. After the opening hymn and prayer, a choir of girls from the mission college renders a selection—a good old gospel hymn. The president of the day, a professor from the Imperial University, now rises to his feet, puts the crowd into good humor by his stories, speaks of the aim of the meeting, incidentally works in some telling remarks upon the educational progress made in this very town since Christianity came, and then introduces the editor of one of the leading dailies of Japan.

The editor rejoices in the social progress, the growth of the spirit of benevolence, and comparative freedom of

the press. He calls attention to the fact that in the past fifty years, the government has originated a Red Cross Society, a peace conference, a system of hospitals, a woman's university, education for all classes, the emancipation and elevation to citizenship of outcasts, the freedom of the press, the securing of real representative political institutions, all these having been inspired from without, not from within. Nearly all the philanthropic efforts for orphans, lepers, the blind, the imbecile, wayward children, discharged prisoners, were begun by Christians, and in some cases Christianity, through example, has aroused the government and Buddhism and Shintoism to care for the unfortunate. "The same is especially true of the family," says he, "for one can go anywhere now and advocate monogamy, which is now recognized as a social right."

After "Onward Christian Soldiers" is rendered by the choir, with band accompaniment — and with a vim — the Christian preacher takes up the theme. He is one of the few Japanese who can boast of a good beard, suggestive of Aaron and other great priestly orators. He speaks of the growth of the Christian Church since the days of Perry. "No longer," says he, "is the preaching of Christianity prohibited. Why, here we are holding a grand campaign openly, and with governmental and popular approval. The government and people are studying Christianity as never before. Indeed, there must be a million Japanese who, if not professing Christians, have a clear enough conception of the ideals and life of Jesus Christ to be governed more by Christian principles than by those

of any other religion. Surely Jesus Christ is conquering, but not by the sword. Christianity is subduing the intelligence and heart of thousands upon thousands by its deeds of mercy, its strong social dynamic, the purity and moral vigor of the life of its followers. *Kitarite Miyo!* Come and see for yourselves. Do you love Japan? Learn of the great Master. Would you save Japan? Give it the ideals and life of Jesus Christ. Have you your own heart and life problems? Come and know the one true God, the Lord of Heaven, the Father of love and holiness. Study this Holy Book and you will be purer and happier men and women, purer and stronger servants of the Emperor, and Japan will be saved, to be in deed and in truth the leader of the East."



The best is reserved for the last. It is an old man bowed with his three score years and ten; one of the oldest citizens of the town. We recognize him, in spite of his age, as the young *samurai* of the first scene, the first in the town to understand Christ as He is, and to be ready to die that his country might live. They all know

him, and when he rises to his feet there is a dead silence, —the silence of respect; for they have learned from his life that being a Christian has made him no less a Japanese.

“How I became a Christian,” says he, “is an old story to you. I will not trouble you with my doubts and struggles; I will simply say that in this Book, with its wonderful story of a wonderful life, I have found my Hero and my life; and I know that here are just the hero and the life that my beloved Japan needs. I believe in the one God, and that He is just what Jesus showed Him to be. He is the one true Way. I understand *Bushido* now as I never did before. God has taken me through the fire of persecution and has enabled me to see the work of His wonderful hand in the transformation of my country. A foreign teacher has said it, and it is true, that back of every reform that has made a New Japan, has stood a man — too often a martyr — who was directly moved by the spirit of Jesus Christ.”

The old man then touches tenderly upon the effect of Christian truth as it came to Japan through the missionary, the traveler and the student; through literature, the press, the church and the school, and lifting up his eyes as if it were to ask for a parting blessing upon his fellow-townsmen, he prays that God may lead them, one and all, not only to study the Gospel, but to come to know Jesus Christ Himself, who alone can save Japan. “Oh, Lord of Heaven,” he cries, “my people need Jesus Christ! Open their eyes that they may behold Him.”

* * * * *

A missionary present pronounces the benediction, and in doing so, rejoices that the work of the city has progressed so far as to seem to need from him but a blessing. And in the columns of the Missionary Herald you will read his matter-of-fact report :

“There has been held a series of large meetings in all the important places in the province, resulting in a widespread use of the Gospel and a more general interest than ever. Heads of families, many of whom were formerly bitter opponents of Christianity, are now believers. Surely God is at work in Japan. What an opportunity!

* * * * We are constantly cheered by a consciousness of the sympathy and prayerful helpfulness on the part of the friends at home.”

III.

Tokyo is in reality as well as in name the capital of Japan. Everybody speaks of “going up” to Tokyo, and on the other hand whatever comes down from Tokyo is considered well worth appropriating. Significant then the fact that Tokyo, in this year of our Lord, called up some religious leaders for a conference, and then sent them down to tell the people that the government needed the help of religion; and that some representatives of the Emperor would not be greatly displeased if Christianity were the religion.

We wish that we could picture that scene in the Hall of Nobles on February 25th and 26th, 1912. By many it is regarded as the most unique gathering ever witnessed in Japan. Never before have Buddhists and Shintoists

met officially with Christians under government auspices ; and never before have Christians received such official recognition. It must have cost many a mighty struggle even for the Mikado's ministers to win the old to consent to sit with the new, and an equally hard fight to win consent to such a conference from public men who have had no use for religion or any other "superstition." Yet some one has won, for here they are, seventy-three in all, fifty-one Buddhists, fifteen Shintoists and seven Christians, each a representative of some sect or denomination, all meeting together in the form if not the spirit of a veritable love feast. The Buddhists look their priestly part with gorgeous robes and unshaven heads ; the Shintoists and Christians look their part also in frock coats or in the good old *haori* and *hakama*.

The special spokesman for the government and cabinet officers present, is the Vice-Minister of Home Affairs, Tokonami by name, to whom more than any other is due the credit of securing the conference. It is a memorable occasion for the religionists merely to meet so great a man face to face, for they know the history of this undertaking, through which have shone his tact and perseverance.

They listen with keen attention to his address ; possibly they note that he says but little about the perplexing moral problem of the educators and absolutely nothing about the terrible socialistic movement that perhaps more than any other force has driven the government to call religion to the aid of the "national morals." Yet they all know that behind every word of his short speech, is a

conviction that religion cannot be separated from education or from the solving of the social problems of the nation; and that, therefore, there should be a common ground of co-operation for the three religions. Not that any attempt would be made to unite the adherents of the several religions into one body, but only that Shinto, Buddhism *and* Christianity should work together in behalf of the nation. So they listen with mingled feelings while the Vice-Minister expresses the hope and expectation of the government.

* * * * *

The scene shifts. A committee of the co-religionists are by themselves in conference, with the purpose of drafting some resolutions for presentation to the conference. And note that their chairman is a Christian! This is not unexpected; for some Buddhists, and perhaps these very men, have told their people that they must study the Christian methods if they would save their own religion, and have felt that they lost no face themselves in advocating Sunday-schools, preaching services, young men's Buddhist associations, a Buddhist Bible and Buddhist Bible training schools. No, they are not unprepared to follow Christian leadership. And as for the Shintoists, though they reserve for themselves the special guardianship of the "national morals" and have long been recognized as special guardsmen of the dead, they too are not behind the Buddhists in following a leader. And a leader he is, as noble a Christian *samurai* as Japan ever produced.

The resolutions are proposed and unanimously adopted by the conference. Appreciation is expressed of the purpose of the government authorities in seeking to stimulate the cause of religion, national morals and social ethics in the land; of the desire of these religious leaders to cooperate in the effort to uphold the destiny of the Imperial House and the welfare of the Empire, and of their joint intention to fulfill their national mission to promote the highest culture in accordance with their respective faiths and creeds, looking for the co-operation of the government authorities to this end.

We will not question motives. Sufficient for us that the Japanese government formally approves of what it has traditionally opposed. Naturalized Christianity stands vindicated in the presence of the people by the central government of the Empire. An act of tremendous significance; for in Japan it is "like government, like people."

IV.

But what of the missionary? We have heard of the growth of the Christian forces in Japan and of the naturalization of the Christian Church; of the spread of Christian ideas and ideals through sections of the country; of government recognition; and of the progressive evangelistic zeal of the little Japanese Church. But what about the missionary? Is he useless? Would it be better

for him to come home? Is there anything left for him to do?

These were serious questions for several years; not so now. Both Japanese leaders and missionaries have come

The poster features a central illustration of a person in a dark, hooded garment, possibly a monk or a missionary, standing between two flags. The flag on the left is white with a black cross, and the flag on the right is white with a red sun-like symbol. The background is dark with a grid of dashed lines.

諸君 (Mikoto) 場 (ba) 處 (jō)

基督教説教及救の集 (キリスト教説教及救の集)

十月二日から十月六日まで
毎晩七時から始まります

岡山市東中下 岡山基督教會

吾等は如何して此世に参りましたか何の爲に此世に
生れしや又死後は何處へ往かざるや此
答を聞きたい方々、誰ても此説教會へ出なさい
程くろ易く説教し申します。男、女、老、若、
青年も、遠慮なく出掛なさい。神様、救は
んとする道をも御案内いたします。

A CHRISTIAN CAMPAIGN POSTER

to the same conclusion. None can speak of this with greater authority than Dr. George M. Rowland of Japan, because of his exceptionally close relations with the

Japanese and their work for the past twenty-six years, and his peculiar opportunity of studying conditions throughout the Empire first hand.

“Statistics,” he says, “do not begin to tell the story of the success of the Christian propaganda in Japan. Still it remains a fact that the evangelization of the mass of the Japanese people is but just begun, and the native churches — energetic, zealous and powerful as they are — are inadequate to the stupendous task; and our thoughtful Japanese brethren, those upon whose hearts rests heavily the burden of the evangelizing of the people, are pleading for an increase in the foreign missionary force. *The need of workers is compelling.* * * * Important as is the educational work of the foreign missionary in the new and changing circumstances, probably the greater number of missionaries will be engaged in evangelism, pure and simple. The missionary must cooperate in the smaller communities in fostering and developing the churches. * * * There are also many goodly towns where there is little or no Christian work. The Japanese churches and their missionary societies cannot enter these important places for sheer lack of strength. There is *a call for the foreign missionary to enter in.* * * * Pioneer work is also necessary, — a general seed-sowing in communities where no Christian work is now being done.”

From this and similar statements received from missionaries and Japanese the need of missionaries is evident. If we still doubt, would that we might all be taken to some high mountain like the peerless Fuji, the sacred

Ondake, "the Matterhorn of Japan" and other peaks, and look out over province after province that are teeming with those who — so far as we can know — have had no intelligent opportunity of accepting Jesus Christ as their personal Lord and Saviour! With the heart's eye we would look down upon more than thirty millions without Christ. And, if authorities are to be trusted, we would note one province with a population of nearly two millions having but one foreign missionary and a few native Christians; two other provinces of nearly a million, with but one missionary and a few native Christians; four more aggregating a population of nearly four millions with less than eight missionaries and a small body of Japanese Christians.

If we were to stand on Hiei-San, which rises above Lake Biwa close by Kyoto, and could look westward to the sea and northward to the sea — one hundred and fifty miles over a large section of the Empire — we would find no missionary and but a half dozen Japanese Christian workers. In fact fully *three-fourths of the population of Japan remains yet to be reached with the Christian message!*

We realize again this need of missionaries when we note the inadequacy of the Japanese Church. Among the fifty-two millions of Japan, there are all told less than twenty-five hundred Japanese and foreign Christian workers, and less than two hundred thousand baptized Christians of all communions. Recent Protestant statistics show that there is only one professing Christian to about seven hundred of the population; one Christian

church to over one hundred thirty non-Christian temples ; one Christian worker to over thirty-seven thousand of the population. The most evangelized district, the northern island of Yezo, has one Protestant Christian to four hundred fifty non-Christians, while in other districts the proportion ranges from one in over six hundred to one in about five thousand. And in the various districts each Japanese pastor has from twenty-eight thousand to one hundred sixteen thousand for whose evangelism he is theoretically responsible,—nor is there practically any overlapping in evangelistic work. No wonder that the missionary is ready to stay and work with all his might, alongside of his Japanese brother, and no wonder that the Japanese brother himself earnestly pleads for more missionaries. *Evangelism in Japan is but well begun.* The missionary, peculiarly fitted to open new work because of his greater independence and resourcefulness, must be kept at work in Japan for a generation or two at least.

The task ahead is enormous ; but the vision of usefulness inspiring. The Board has a splendid plant in close and cordial co-operation with a small but magnificent body of Japanese Christian workers. Never were the Japanese people more kindly disposed ; never was there a task more worthy of the Congregational churches of America ; for evangelism in Japan is not a task so easy as to be unworthy of men of highest ideals, ready for the sternest and most sustained toil.

Remember, too, that the evangelization of Japan is

not an isolated question ; it is intimately involved with the strategy of a world-wide campaign. "Japan leads the East ; but whither ?"

**"What is done for Japan is done for the whole Orient;
what you do for her do quickly, or too late
mourn your shortsightedness."**

—From the message of a converted *samurai*.

American Board Publications

Missionary Herald

Published monthly. Contains information from all our missions. 75 cents per year. In clubs of ten or more, 50 cents each. This organ of the Board was never more prized by its readers than now, and it is essential for those who would keep informed in regard to the work of our Foreign Missions and the great religious movements in non-Christian lands.

Envelope Series

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